

KHAKI SAMMY

Words and Music by
JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

Price, 60 cents

net



G. Schirmer
NEW YORK
BOSTON

Khaki Sammy

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John Alden Carpenter

In march-time (not too fast)

Voice

Piano

2. They're

Ev - 'ry girl has got a boy, From I - o - wa(y) or
when they get to Kai - ser Bill, Out there be - hind the

Il - li - nois, A - mix - ing with the hoi - pol - loi; Horse,
Su - gar Mill, They'll make him take his lit - tle pill, They'll

foot, ma - rines, They're swallow - ing beans In a lit - tle old town in France.
ease him out, They'll freeze him out Of his lit - tle old ditch in France.

f
“Oh, you Sam - - - my! Kha - ki

Sam - - my When I see the sun A - shin-ing on his gun, I

have to run, and sing out, "Oh you Sam - - - my! Swag-ger

Sam - - my! "Sure he's gone and got me hyp-no-tized for

fair. When in - to Flan - - ders He me -

an - ders, For his luck to try, with a twin-kle in his eye, It's

then that I'll be cheer-ing for my Sam - my, dear old

Sam - my! You can gam - ble on your Sam-my o - ver

there! Sam-my o - ver there!

p *rall.*

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

The Song of All Nations

*Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS
Composer of
"TO YOU"

With Martial Spirit

Slower, with feeling.

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HIGH IN B₂

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home:
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home:
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home.
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home:
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not discover
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

MEDIUM IN G

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home:

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3 East 43d Street

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